

## **Patience and Perfection by graceolina37**

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**Summary:**

Will try's to draw but Mike proves to be distracting.

## **Patience and Perfection**

### **Author's Note:**

So this is another fic where Will draws. Oh and Mike is there too and there is byeler!!! Yay!!!

Will was concentrated. He was currently in one of his modes where making a cool new idea come to life on paper was the only thing he cared about. All he could focus on was making sure that every line and shape he put onto the paper was satisfactory and showed the image in the exact detail he desired. At this point, it seemed like there was nothing that could distract him, but that was where he was wrong.

“Are you done yet?” There came the childish voice of none other than Mike Wheeler, the only one who could even attempt to infiltrate the creative barrier around the smaller boy as he worked.

“Almost,” Will answered, even though what he said was far from the truth. He had only started about ten minutes ago, but he knew that if he was going to get any peace, he would have to give Mike an answer closer to what he wanted to hear.

Mike was sat with his chin resting on his knees, watching Will as he laid on his stomach and sketched in his notebook on the other side of Will’s bed. They had ended up like this right after a rather intense discussion about dungeons and dragons that gave Will inspiration for another drawing.

To Mike, it felt like Will had been drawing for hours. He wasn’t a fan of sitting still for so long without an interesting conversation to keep him occupied. He looked around the room for a distraction and ended up humming the Jaws theme after seeing the movie poster on the wall. After awhile it morphed into his own peculiar mix of high pitched squeals and grunts that somewhat resembled the Star Wars theme song.

Will turned around to playfully glare at Mike, and only then did the horrific noise turn into a giant, goofy grin.

“Sorry,” Mike said with only a little embarrassment, “I’m just bored.”

“Why don’t you go get me some crayons to color this with, it might help you pass the time,”

“You still have to color it too?!” Exaggerated Mike as he flopped onto his back and dropped his arms on the bed, annoyed that the sweet, beautiful boy laying beside him was going to spend even more time focused on things that weren’t him.

“Yeah, it really helps me envision it better” Will said with a smile as he turned back to his work.

“As long as it doesn’t take that much longer.”

Mike rolled off the bed to retrieve the box of colors that sat in its usual spot on the somewhat messy desk in Will’s room.

“There,” Mike put the crayons next to Will who could only laugh and Mike’s exasperated tone. Mike went back to his spot on the bed and continued to watch Will as he waited for him to finish it.

The taller boy studied Will from where he sat, admiring his concentration and the way he momentarily paused and tilted his head while deciding where to put the next line. Will Byers was truly the most remarkable site Mike had ever laid eyes upon.

Mike decided he had had enough of sitting back and wanted to see what Will was working on. It had to be pretty special if Will was more interested in it than he was him. Mike slowly inches his way across the bed until he was lying next to Will and was peering over his shoulder to get a look at what he was drawing in his notebook.

Mike tried not to disturb his clearly focused boyfriend, but he must not have done a very good job based on what happened next.

“Mike!” Will shouted. Now it was his turn to be exasperated and annoyed.

“Sorry!” Maine said playfully once again, dropping his chin onto Wills shoulder so he could lean their heads together, “it’s just, you’ve been drawing for so long, and I get lonely without you.”

“I’m right here though,” Will affirmed.

“I know but... can’t you just finish it later and talk to me now?” Mike asked, “As much as I love watching to draw, I love talking to you more.”

“If I stop now it will mess up my flow,” Will argued.

“Fine!” Mike groaned. He tried to sound annoyed but couldn’t help his tiny smile show through.

Mike sat up and pressed a kiss on the top of Will’s head before wrapping his arms around the small boys waist and resting his head on his back. If he was going to wait for Will to finish he was at least going to cuddle him to pass the time.

Will let out a little giggle before going back to work. Mike Wheeler was a piece of work, but god was he cute. That fact alone pretty much make up for his lack of patience.

Mike ended up falling asleep and leaving a content Will to finish his drawing in peace. The picture turned out spectacular and did actually look even better with the color. Will had taken his time and made something truly perfect. However, even though Will was proud of his work, the truth was he had all the perfection he needed sleeping soundly by his side.